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Everybody's song book

Birmingham

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EVERYBODY'S
SONG BOOK;

OR, THE

SALOON VISITER'S COMPANION,

BEING A CHOICE SELECTION OF

NEW & FAVOURITE SONGS.

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Free and easy
Minnie
Sentiments

Printed by W. Pratt, 82, Digbeth, Birmingham,
and Published by J. T. Wood, 278, Strand, London.

I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL.

Oh! I'm not myself at all,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
I'm not myself at all!
Nothing caring, nothing knowing,
'Tis afther you I'm going,
Faith, your shadow 'tis I'm growing,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
Th' other day I went confessin',
And I asked the father's blessin',
"But," says I, "don't give me one entirely,
For I fretted so last year,
But the half o' me is here,
So give the other half to Molly Brierly.
Oh! I'm not myself at all.

Oh! I'm not myself at all,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
My appetite's so small.
I once could pick a goose,
But my buttons is no use—
Faith, my tightest coat is loose,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all.
If thus it is I waste,
You'd betther dear, make haste,
Before your lover's gone away entirely;
If you don't soon change your mind,
Not a bit of me you'll find,
And what 'ud you think o' that,
Molly Brierly,
Oh! I'm not myself at all.

Oh! my shadow on the wall,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
Isn't like myself at all!
For I've got so very thin,
Myself says "'tisn't him,
But that purty girl so slim,
Molly dear, Molly dear!"
And I'm not myself at all.
If thus I smaller grow,
All frettin, dear, for you,
'Tis you should make up the deficiency;
So just let Father Taaffe
Make you my better half,
And you will not the worse of the addition be.
Oh! I'm not myself at all.

I'll be not myself at all,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
Till you my own I call!
Since a change o'er me there came,
Sure you might change your name,
And 'twould just come to the same,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
O, 'twould just come to the same
For if you and I were one,
All confusion would be gone,
And 'twould simplify the matther intirely—
And 'twould save us so much bother
When we'd both be one another,
So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly!
Oh! I'm not myself at all.

EMMA SNOW

I was down in Alabama,
Not bery long ago;
I knew a yellow charmer,
Her name was Emma Snow.
Her eyes were bright as di'mon.,
Her teeth were pearly white,
And dey glisten'd in de darkness
As de moon does in de night.
But de happy time is ober,
I'm full of grief and pain,
For I shall neber, neber see,
My Emma, dear, again.

I used to go out early,
To hoe de sugar cane;
De time it passed so cheerly,
When my Emma dear was seen.
But when de work was ober,
And de night it came again,
We danced and sung right gaily,
To de banjo's sweetest strain.
But de happy time, &c

But de happiest heart has sorrow,
De brightest day has night,
I lost my lubly Emma,
By de adder's poison bite.
We missed her in de ebening,
We hunted far and wide,
We found her in de meadow,
Where she'd pined away and died.
But de happy time, &c.

May he that turns his back on his friends fall into the hands of his enemies.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

When a bumper is ordered, tis vexing no doubt,
To find when you'd fill that the wine is run out;
And 'tis surely an equally unpleasant thing,
To be asked for a song, when you've nothing to sing.
I might try something old, if an old one would do,
But the world is still craving to have something new:
And what to select for the words or the tune,
I in fact know no more than the man in the moon.
Ah! the man in the moon a new light on me throws,
He's a man we all talk of, but nobody knows,
And though a high subject I'm getting in tune,
I'll just have a turn at the man in the moon.

The man in the moon seems to lead a queer life,
With no one about him, not even a wife;
No friends to console him, no children to kiss,
No chance of his joining a meeting like this.
His changing his lodging each quarter's unpleasant,
Living first in a circus and then in a crescent;
If he rents by these quarters, so fast going by,
I should fancy he's rented uncommonly high;
But he's used to high life, for all circles agree,
None are moving in such a high circle as he—
For though nobles go up in a royal balloon,
They can't get introduced to the man in the moon.

'Tis thought that all madmen are moon-struck we find,
And the man in the moon may be out of his mind;
But it can't be for love, for 'tis very well known,
There's no girls there to meet him by moonlight alone;
It can't be ambition, for rivals he's none,
At least, he is only eclipsed by the sun:
Though his prospects are often o'erclouded he sees,
But the man in the moon can make light of all these.
In drinking, I fear he may sometimes surpass,
For he always looks best when he's seen through a glass;
Then for smoking, though we may smoke morning and noon,
We can't blow a cloud like the man in the moon.

He's a mighty sad rake, he don't rise till it's dark,
And when night sets in he sets out for a lark;
Goes mooning about, and sings out to the spheres,—
"We won't go home till morning and daylight appears."
He looks in at the stars that go shooting up there,
And lets loose the Dog Star to bait the great Bear.
At the Milky-way stops for a minute or two,
Has some milk, but don't pay, 'cos he swears it's sky blue.
But daylight soon takes the shine out of him quite,
And he goes home, and gets into bed by sunlight,
And though you may think him a regular spoon,
You'd be plagued to get over the man in the moon.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Away, light vows of woman's love,
Falsely sweet, deceitful ever;
You weave a flowery chain to prove,
How easy 'tis their links to sever.
But come, sweet friendship's sacred tie,
And bind my heart in joy for ever.
The flowers of love soon fade and die,
But those of friendship wither never

The Deeds of our brave British Soldiers.

Ye sons that belong to this nation,
I hope that you will listen to my song,
And I will endeavour to tell you,
The deeds that our soldiers have done.

At Alma on the twentieth of September,
Along with the brave sons of France,
With our sword, our firelocks and bayonets,
So gallantly we did advance.
So gallantly, &c.

On the twenty-fifth day of October,
Another glorious battle was won,
In the valley of Balaclava,
Where our cavalry like lions dashed on.
Our cavalry like lions dashed on them,
And these words I am proud for to say,
As so gallantly they dashed on to death,
They sung 'On to the charge, ye brave.'
On to the charge, &c.

Again on the fifth of November,
The weather was foggy and drear,
At the great battle of Inkermann,
Where seventy thousand Russians did appear.
With eight thousand of our British soldiers,
And six thousand of the sons of France,
Like lions we met and charged them with our bayonets,
And we made the cowardly Russians to retreat.
And we made, &c.

You sons that belong to this nation,
And you daughters of England so true,
Let us offer up a prayer for the soldiers,
That have shed their blood for me as well as you.
Let us offer up a prayer for these soldiers
Hoping that they may return without fear,
Once more to embrace their wives and children,
And the friends that to them are so dear.
And the friends, &c.

Again on the eighth of December,
Eighteen hundred and fifty-four,
The French they attacked the Malakoff,
And the Russians away from it did drive.
The Frenchmen fought like lions,
But these words I am sorry for to say,
Although Sebastopol was taken,
It sent thousands of souls to the grave.
It sent thousands, &c.

Heights of Alma.

'Twas on a bright September day,
Entrenched on heights the Russians lay,
Their numerous lines in dense array,
Swarmed on the heights of Alma.
They sternly watched the Britons and Gauls,
And fought behind their works and walls,
They might defy our cannon balls,
On the heights of Alma.

England's glory, France's pride,
Who oft each others strength have tried,
Are now appearing side by side,
To have a dash at Alma.
Trumpets sound, flash sword and lance,
Banners of England and of France,
Through showers of shot and shell advance,
To meet the foe at Alma.

Cannons thunder, banners wave,
The charge is called, on dash the brave,
To win, or find a soldier's grave,
On the bloody field of Alma.
The battle o'er, how brave and well
Our heroes fought let history tell,
But oh remember those who fell,
On the glorious field of Alma

BILLY BARLOW.

Oh! young London gen'l'men how do you do?
I'm here before you with one boot and one shoe,
I don't know how it is, but somehow 'tis so—
Now isn't it hard upon Billy Barlow

As I was going down town t'other day,
The people all stared and some of 'em did say—
"Now that 'ere young covey, now he ain't so slow,"
"I guess not," says a lady, "that's William Barlow. (O dear, &c.
"I guess not," says a lady, "that' Mister Barlow."

There's a chap in this town, of his name I can't think,
He's a trying to persuade people not for to drink,
When he showed me his medal, I says, It's no go,

You can't make a teetotaller of Billy Barlow." (Oh, dear, &c.
The cold-water cure don't suit Billy Barlow.

As I went up Bond-street last Saturday night,
I was very much tickled when I see'd a sight,
Of a crowd of young ladies at Mitchell's window,
A viewing a likeness of Billy Barlow.
Oh, dear, &c.
But not half so good looking as Billy Barlow.

They went in to buy it, and I saw 'em turn pale,
When Mitchell he told 'em it wasn't for sale,
For Prince Albert axed for it, and to him it must go,
When he'll set German music to Billy Barlow. (Oh, dear, &c.
The prince would look well, drest as Billy Barlow.

For a trip to Southampton I went t'other day,
When a crowd gather'd round, as I heard a chap say,
Why, that's Kossuth, *incog*! and I have ye to know,
They set the bells ringing for Billy Barlow. (Oh, dear, &c.
'Cause a *hun'gry* young hero was Billy Barlow.

I paid sixpence t'other day, and odd it did seem,
To see lots of chickens a-hatching by steam,
So I said to the man who conducted the show,
Can you hatch me a chicken like Billy Barlow. (Oh, dear, &c.
A real Cochin China is Billy Barlow.

Now young London gen'lmen I'll wish you good bye,
I'll get a new suit when clothes ain't so high;
My hat's shocking bad, that all of you know,
But it looks well on the head of Billy Barlow.

Susannah; Sequel to Uncle Ned.

Susannah was the youngest, and longest she has liv'd,
And often thinks of poor old Ned
Hoe, shovel, fiddle, bow, she will not let them go,
Kept as relics of the old man dead.
Yes, she prizes the shovel and the hoe, the hoe,
She prizes the fiddle & the bow,
They are all that remain of poor Old Ned, [niggers go.
Who's gone where the good
For five-and-forty years this couple liv'd in peace. [break,
Till death did the tie asunder
But before died Uncle Ned, he unto Susannah said,
"Oh! dearest, keep dem ere relics for my sake." So she prizes
She knows come must the day when she too must haste away,
And she asks in the grave to lie
By the side of him who years shar'd with her both joy & care,
now with such a wish could any but comply? For she prizes.

The Irish Emigrant.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day's as bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again.
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, [cheek,
And your breath warm on my
And I still keep listening for the words,
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see its spire from here.

But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest, [sleep,
For I've laid you, darling, down to
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor find no new friends,
But oh, they love the better still,
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's little left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to. [for all
They say there's bread and work
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And oh, my heart will travel back
To the place where Mary lies.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

What a wonderful man the Postman is
As he hastens from door to door;
What a medley of news his hands contain,
For high, low, rich, and poor.
In many a face he joy doth trace,
In as many he grief can see,
As the door is ope'd to his loud RAN TAN,
And his quick delivery.
Every morn, as true as the clock,
Somebody hears the Postman's Knock!

No. 1 he presents with the news of a birth,
With tidings of death, No. 4;
At 13, a bill of a terrible length,
He drops through the hole in the door;
A cheque or an order at 15 he leaves,
And 16 his presence doth prove;
While 17 does an acknowledgement get,
And 18—a letter of love!
Every morn, &c.

There is Rosa, and Ada, and Madaline too,
In spirits unusually gay,
Scrambling over each other the blind to peep thro',
For, lo, 'tis Saint Valentine's day.
Each looks at her watch, now a quarter to Ten,—
A *quarter?* an *age*, to be sure;
'ts just as we thought, there's no trusting the men,
So forgetful—RAN TAN—*Jane!* the door. Every morn, &c.

May his visits be frequent to those who expect
A line from the friends they lov'd dear;
But rarely we hope that compell'd he will be,
Disastrous tidings to bear.
Far, far be the day when the envelope shows
The dark border shading it o'er;
Then long life to Her Majesty's servant we say,
And oft may he knock at our door.
Every morn, &c.

LONG BARNEY.

Did you ever hear tell of Long Barney?
He came from the sweet groves of "Blarney;"
From the leer of his eye, the girls they would sigh,
For they all took a liking to Barney

Did you ever hear tell of his fighting?
It's the sport which he took great delight in,
He could handle the stick, and the boys he could lick,
And he'd floor them all round would Barney.

He went to a fair—being Easter,
In his pockets he'd many a taster,
Where he met Biddy Trigg, and with her had a jig,
And she fell deep in love with Long Barney.

It's into a tent he did take her,
For to give her a drop of the crather,
With his arms round her waist, her sweet lips he did taste,
And she said, Och! don't smoother me, Barney.

Then in came big Darby O'Brien,
And for Biddy he long had his eye on,
Arrah, Biddy, said he, come over to me,
And don't be listening to Barney.

Says Barney, I'll soon make him toddle,
Then he gave him a crack on the noddle;
Then crack went the sticks, on the floor Darby kicks,
Faith, he dusted his jacket, did Barney.

Says Barney, My Biddy, for you then,
Like the devil I'll fight, that is true then;
And if any spalpeen will step out on the green,
Faith I'll settle his nob said Barney,

Oh, then he sat down by his Biddy,
For the whiskey and fight made him giddy,
He buzzed in her ear, saying, Biddy my dear,
It's yourself I will marry, said Barney.

With a great deal of coaxing and twisting,
She at length said, There is no resisting;
And my father, Tom Trigg, says he will give a pig,
To the man that will marry me, Barney.

My mother she will give another,
And we'll soon make them sister and brother;
With Barneys and Triggs, little children and pigs,
we'll soon stock the cabin of Barney.

So now they're united together,
And they stick to each other like leather;
And she blesses the day that she fell in the way,
For to marry the famous Long Barney.

ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton s banks are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And twas ther that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true.
Gave me her promise true
And ne'er forgetwill I;
But for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me downn ad dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is ie fairest,
That ever sun shone n—
That ever sun shone on—
And dark blue was her e'e
And for nnie Annie Laurie,
I'd la me dow and dee.

Like dew on the Gowan lying,
Is the fa'o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer lighting
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to m
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and dee.

TAKE BACK THOSE GEMS YOU GAVE ME.

Take back those gems you gave me,
I prized them but for thee;
Thou art changed, and they no longer
Possess one charm for me.
Alas! they but remind me
Of bright hopes passed away;
Oh! would that they might banish
The dream of yesterday.
Thou canst not call me faithless,
For never vow of mine,
Was breathed or lightly spoken,—
Say, was it so with thine.
Take back, &c.

And yet I'll not upbraid thee,
My presence shall not throw
One cloud upon thy pathway,
One shadow on thy brow.
Go, mingle with the thoughtless,
And revel with the gay;
Leave me the sad remembrance,
That dream of yesterday.
My last farewell is spoken,
One sad word lingers yet,
Although my voice might falter,
My heart would say forget.
Take back, &c.

OF WHAT IS THE OLD MAN THINKING?

Of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?
From the May-day pastime shrinking,
He shares not the merry laugh;
the tears of the old man flow,
As he looks on the young and gay,
And his grey head moving slow,
Keeps time to the air they play.
The elders around are drinking,
But not one cup will he quaff;
Of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?

'Tis not with a vain repining,
That the old man sheds a tear;
'Tis not for his strength declining,
He sighs not to linger here.
There's a spell in the air they play,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
For it calls up a past May-day
And dear friends lost to him.
From the scene before him shrinking
From the dance and the merry laugh,
Of their calm repose he is thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff.

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

I left my love in England,
And sail'd the stormy sea;
To earn my bread by daily toil,
An honest man and free.
I wrought and strove from morn to night,
And sav'd my little store,
And ev'ry summer gave me wealth
And made my little more.
Oh! at length I bought the field plough'd,
The sunshine followed rain;
The morning dawn'd on that dark night,
And I went back again.

I sought my love in England,
And brought her o'er the sea;
A happy man, a happy wife,
To bless my home and me.
My farm is large, my wants are small,
I bid my cares depart,
And sit beneath my own oak tree
With proud yet grateful heart.
Oh! the children smiling round the board,
Ne'er ask for bread in vain;
The day has dawned upon the night,
The sun has followed rain.

Emancipation to the slave, and liberty to the brave.

I'll not Beguile thee.

I'll not beguile thee from thy home,
For me thou shalt not friends resign
Nor exiled from thy kindred roam
In poverty and grief to pine,
Too dearly do I love you;
Too dearly do I love thee.
I'll not beguile thee from thy home.
Oh, no, no, no,
Too dearly do I love thee.

In loosing thee I bid farewell,
To every hope and every joy.
Don't think with thee I wish to dwell,
I would thy happiness destroy,
I not &c.

WAIT FOR THE WAGGON!

Will you come with me, my Phillis dear, to yon blue mountains free,
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest? come rove along with me.
It's every Sunday morning, when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the waggon, and all take a ride.
Wait for the waggon, wait for the waggon,
Wait for the waggon, and we'll all take a ride.

Where the river runs like silver, and the birds they sing so sweet,
I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good to eat;
Come listen to my story, it will relieve my heart,
So jump into the waggon, and off we will start.
Wait for the waggon, &c.

Do you believe, my Phillis dear, old Mike, with all his wealth,
Can make you half so happy, as I, with youth and health?
We'll have a little farm, a horse, a pig and cow,
And you will mind the dairy, while I do guide the plough.
Wait for the waggon, &c.

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so sleek and neat,
All braided up with poppies and hollyhocks so sweet.
It's every Sunday morning, when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the waggon, and all take a ride.
Wait for the waggon, &c.

gether on life's journey we'll travel till we stop,
And if we have no trouble we'll reach the happy top.
Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely bride.
We'll jump into the waggon, and all take a ride.
Wait for the waggon, &

OLD DOG TRAY.

The morn of life is past,
And evening comes at last,
It brings me a dream of a once happy day,
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He is gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never, find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own,
Have vanished one by one,
The lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd away;
Their happy smiles have flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He's gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never, find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

When thoughts recall he past,
His eyes are onme cast,
I know he feels what my breaking heart would say;
Although he cannot speak.
I'll vainly, vainly seek,
A better friend than old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He's gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never, find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

May our friends have no burden, and futurity no terrors.

May the lamp of friendship be lighted by the oil of sincerity,

Ability to serve a friend and honour to conceal it.

May the difference of opinion, never divide friendship,

The restoration of friendship, and the funeral of animosity.

May friendship smile in our cups, and content in our loves.

May prudence secure us friends,

FREE AND EASY.

I'm the lad that's free and easy
Wheresoe'er I chance to be,
And I'll do the best I can to please y
If you will but list to me.

CHORUS.

So let the world jog along as it will
For I'll be free and easy still.
Free and easy, free and easy,
I'll be free and easy still.

Some there are who meet with trou
bles,
Others drown their cares in drink
All our trials are but bubbles,
Fretting forges many a link.

I envy neither great nor wealthy,
Poverty I ne'er despise,
Let me be contented and healthy,
And the boon I'd dearly prize.

The great have cares I little know of,
All that glitters is not gold;
Merit's seldom made a show of,
And true worth is seldom bold.

Why then waste our time in fretting?
The longest lane must have an end
Industry strives hard in getting
Stores for fools and knaves to spend

I care for all, yet care for no man,
Those who mean well should not
fear;
I like a man, and love a woman,
What else makes this world so dear.

MINNIE.

When the sun is high in the bright blue sky
And the soft winds sigh thro' the grove,
'Mid the fragrance of flowers and the green
spreading bowers,
A sweet voice oft invites me to rove.
Oh, Minnie! dear Minnie! come o'er the
lea:
For the sun's beaming high in the cloud-
less sky,
And a true heart is waiting for thee,
A true heart is waiting for thee.

In the silent night, when the moon shines
bright,
And the pale stars faintly peep,
At my window I hear the same voice sweet
and clear,
Calling softly while mother's asleep.
Oh, Minnie! dear Minnie! come o'er the
lea:
Then without a reply, like a bird, away I
fly,
To the heart that is wa ing for me.
The heart that is waiting for me.

THE SCARLET FLOWER

She is sportive as the Zephyr,
That sips from every sweet;
She is fairer than the fairest lily
In nature's soft retreat;
Her eyes are like the crystal brook
As bright and clear to see;
Her lips outshine the scarlet flower,
Of bonny Ellerslie.

O, were my love a blossom,
When summer skies depart,
I'd plant her in my bosom,
And wear her near my heart.
And oft I'd kiss her balmy lips,
So beautiful to see,
Which far outshine the scarlet flower
Of bonny Ellerslie.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER.

There came a tale to England,
'Twas of a battle won,
And nobly had her warriors
That day their duty done.
They fell like sheaves in Autumn,
Yet mid that fearful scene,
Their last shout was for England,
Their last breath for their Queen

There came a tale to England,
Of suffering, want, and woe;
Of the night-watch in the trenches,
Of the sortie by the foe;
Mid rain, and storm, and sickness,
With no rest, no pause between,
And their was grief through England,
From the humblest to the Queen.

Then wrote the Queen of England,
(God's blessing on her pen!)
"Oh! tell those noble wounded,
Those sick, patient, suffering men.
There's not a heart in England,
Can feel a pang more keen,
Than day and night, her own loved
troops,
Are thought of by their Queen."

Then rose a shout through England,
From them 'twas wafted o'er,
From those sick, wounded soldiers,
And it rang from shore to shore,
From Alma and Balaklava,
And Inkermann it came,—
"God bless the Queen of England,
Again we'd do the same."

The Husband's Dream.

Why Dermot, you look happy now
Your dress is neat and clean,
I never see you drunk about,
Oh! tell me where you've been!
Your wife & family all are well,
You once did use them strange,
O are you kinder to them grown?
How came this happy change?

It was a dream—a warning voice—
Which heaven sent to me,
To snatch me from the drunkard's
curse, grim want and misery;
My wages all were spent in drink,
Oh, what a wretched view,
I almost broke my Mary's heart,
And starved my children too.

What was my wife or home to me—
I heeded not her sigh,
Her patient smile has welcom'd me,
While tears bedimm'd her eye;
My children too have woke,
O father dear, they've said,
Our mother has been weeping so.
Because we've got no bread.

My Mary's form did waste away,
I saw her sunken eye,
On straw my babes in sickness lay,
I heard their wailing cry;
I laugh,d and sang in drunken joy,
While Mary's tears did stream,
Then like a beast I fell asleep,
And had this warning dream.

I thought once more I stagger'd home
—There seem'd a solemn gloom.
I miss'd my wife, where can she be?
And strangers in the room;
I heard them say poor thing, she's
dead, she had a wretched life,
Grief and want has broke her heart,
Who'd be a drunkard's wife?

I saw my children weeping round,
I scarcely drew my breath,
They call'd & kiss'd her lifeless form
For ever closed in death;
O father, come and wake her up,
The people say she's dead,
O make her smile & speak once more,
We'll never cry for bread.

She is not dead, I frantic cried,
And rushed to where she lay,

The Wife's Dream.

NOW tell me, Mary, how it is
that you can look so gay,
When, ev'ning after ev'ning your
husband is away?
I never see you sulk or pout, or say
an angry word,
Although you've plenty cause for
tears, if all be true I've heard.

"It is because, my sister dear, a
husband you ne'er wed,
Nor saw your children gathering
round & asking you for bread;
You ne'er can know how it becomes
a woman's lot through life,
To be e'en to a drunkard's faults a
patient loving wife.

"And yet I can recall the time
when bitter tears I shed,
And when my husband stagger'd
home, what angry words I said
I never thought that I could be
as cheerful now I seem,
Yet this happy change was brought
about by a simple little dream.

"One evening, as I sat beside our
humble cottage door,
And listen'd for my husband's step,
As oft I'd done before,
Some wicked thought came in my
mind, and bitterly I said,
'I never wish to see him more, oh,
would that he were dead.'

They say the wretched cannot
sleep, yet surely 'tis not so,
For very soon I fell asleep, 'midst
tears of grief and woe;
I dream'd I had my wish fulfill'd,
my husband was no more,
I fell upon his lifeless form, and
kiss'd him o'er and o'er.

'Oh, Dermot, darling, speak to me,
I mean not what I said,
Oh, speak one word unto your wife
—say, say, you are not dead.'
And sure I'm not, my Mary dear,'
I woke up with a scream,
And found my husband standing
by, his death was but a dream.

And since that time whene'er
I feel dispos'd to be unkind,

MISS FLORA PINK.

Miss Flora Pink, at me she'd wink,
She'd blush and smile, and a' that,
Her face was sweet, she'd pretty feet,
With a pretty hand, and a' that;
And a' that, and a' that,
A turn up nose, and a' that,
She always said she was a maid,
But she'd had a babby once for a' that.

She bonnets press'd, was nicely drest,
In a polka cloak and a' that,
She wore a veil just like a sail,
And a bustle large, and a' that.
And a' that, and a' that,
Her nice kid gloves, and a' that,
She drank nought but tea, but then do you see,
It had a rummy taste for a' that.

She could not eat the common meat,
But ducks and geese, and a' that,
'Cos it warn't genteel to eat a meal,
But I found her out for a' that.
And a' that, and a' that,
She could do her whack for a' that,
For she eat one day, just for a stay,
A tub of winks for a' that.

She used to faint at the sight of paint,
But her cheeks were red and a' that,
Her locks fell slack in ringlets black,
But they warn't her own for a' that.
And a' that, and a' that,
Yet she wasn't gay for a' that,
To balls she'd go, if not too low,
And dance in tights for a' that.

She served out tracts and pious facts,
For Sunday-schools, and a' that,
But after prayers she'd go down stairs
And sing comic songs, and a' that;
And a' that, and a' that,
Oh, how she'd change, and a' that;
To servant gals and cookey pals,
She fortunes told, and a' that.

One day, alas! it came to pass,
I found her out, and a' that,
She got ten years, so it appears,
For bigamy, and a' that;
And a' that, and a' that,
Tho' she went wrong for a' that,
I really think Miss Flora Pink,
Was a nice young gal for a' that.

JOHNNY SANDS.

A man whose name was Johnny sands,
Had married Betty Haigh.
And though she brought him gold and lands,
She proved a terrible plague.
For, oh! she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim,
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.
And she was tired of him.
Says he, "then I will drown myself,
The river runs below,"
Says she, "pray do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago."
Says he, "upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill,
And push me in with all your might"
Says she, "my love, I will."
Says she, &c.

"For fear that I should courage lack
And try to save my life,
Pray tie my hands behind my back,"
"I will," replied his wife.
She tied them fast as you may think
And when securely done,
'Now stand," she says, "upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run.
And I'll prepare to run."
So down the hill his loving wife,
Now ran with all her force
To push him in—he stepped aside—
And she fell in of course.
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
"O save me, Johnny Sands!"
"I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish
For you have tied my hands."
For you, &c.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

Where the bee sucks there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bed I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On a bat's back do I fly,
After sun-set merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

On a dark lonely night, on the Crimea's dread shore,
There had been bloodshed and strife on the morning before;
The dead and the dying lay bleeding around,
Some crying for help—there was none to be found.
Now God in his mercy he pitied their cries,
And the soldier so cheerful in the morning doth rise;
So forward, my lads, may your heart never fail,
You are cheered by the presence of a sweet Nightingale.

Now this lady did go to succour the brave,
Some thousands she saved from an untimely grave;
Her eyes beam with pleasure, she's bounteous and good,
The wants of the wounded are by her understood.
With fever some brought in, with life almost gone;
Some with dismantled limbs, some to fragments are torn:
But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail,
Now they're cheered by the presence of a sweet Nightingale.

Her heart it means good, for no bounty she'll take,
She'd lay down her life for the poor soldier's sake:
She prays for the dying, she gives peace to the brave,
She feels that a soldier has a soul to be saved.
The wounded they love her, as it has been seen,
She's the soldiers' preserver, they call her their Queen;
May God give her strength, and her heart never fail,
One of Heaven's best gifts is Miss Nightingale.

The wives of the wounded, how thankful are they,
Their husbands are cared for, how happy are they;
Whate'er her country, this gift God has given,
The soldiers they say she's an angel from Heaven.
Sing praise to this woman, and deny it who can?
That woman was sent for the comfort of man;
Let us hope that no more against them you'll rail,
Treat them well, and they'll prove like Miss Nightingale.

MAN THE LIFE BOAT.

Man the life boat! man the life boat!
Help, or yon ship is lost!
Man the life boat! man the life boat!
See how she's tempest tost;
No human power, in such an hour,
The gallant bark can save;
Her mainmast gone and hurrying on,
She seeks a watery grave.

Man the life boat! man the life boat!
See, the dread signal flies—
Ha! she has struck, and from the rock
Despairing shouts arise;
And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
Amid the tempest wild,
For on the beach he cannot reach,
He sees his wife and child.

Man the life boat! man the life boat!
Now ply the oars amain;
Your pull be strong, your stroke be long,
Or all will yet be vain.
Life-saving ark, yon doomed bark,
Immortal souls doth bear;
Nor gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
But men—brave men are there.

Speed the life boat! speed the life boat!
Oh, God! their efforts crown!
She dashes on, the ship is gone,
Full fifty fathoms down.
Ah! see the crew are struggling now,
Amid the billows roar;
They're in the boat, they're all afloat,
Hurrah! they've gained the shore.

THE

Ratcatcher's Daughter.

Not long ago in Vestminster,
There lived a ratcatchers daughter
But she didn't quite live in Vestminster,
'Cause she lived tother side of the [vater,
Her father caught rats, and she sold sprats,
All round and about that quarter,
And the gentlefolks all took off their hats,
To the purty little ratcatchers [daughter.
Doodle dee, doodle dum, di dum doodle da.

She wore no hat upon her head,
No cap nor dandy bonnet—
The hair of her head all hung down her back,
Like a bunch of carrots upon it.
Ven she cried sprats in Vestminster,
She had such a sweet loud voice sir
You could hear her all down Parliament-street,
As far as Charing Cross, sir.
Doodle dee, &c.

Now rich and poor came far and near
In matrimony sought her,
But at friends and foes she turn'd up her nose,
Did the purty little ratcatcher's [daughter.
For there was a man sold lily-white sand,
In Cupid's net had caught her,
And right over head and ears in love,
Vent the purty little ratcatcher's daughter. Doodle dee, &c.

Now lily-vite sand so run in her head
As she went along the Strand, O,
She forgot as she'd got sprats on her head,
And cried, D'ye vant any lily-vite sand, O.
The folks amazed all thought her crazed,
As she went along the Strand, O,
To see a gal with sprats on her head,
Cry, D'ye vant any lily-vite sand, O. Doodle dee, &c.

Now ratcatcher's daughter so run in his head,
He couldn't tell what he was arter
So instead of crying, d'ye vant any sand, [er's daughter?
He cried, D'ye vant any ratcatch-
The donkey cocked his ears and laughed, (arter,
And couldn't think what he was
Ven he heard his lily-vite sandman,
D'ye vant any ratcatcher's daughter? Doodle dee, &c.

They both agreed to married be,
Upon next Easter Sunday
But ratcatcher's daughter she had dream, (Monday,
That she wouldn't be alive on
She vent once more to buy some sprats,
And she tumbled into the vater,
And down to the bottom all kiver'd up with mud,
Vent the purty little ratcatcher' daughter. Doodle dee, &c.

Ven lily-vite sand he heard the news,
His eyes run down with vater,
Said he, In love I'll constant prove,
And blow me if I'll live long arter
So he cut his throat with a pane of glass,
And stabbed his donkey arter,
So here is an end of lily-vite sand,
Donkey, and the ratcatcher's daughter. Doodle dee, &c.

ENCORE VERSES.

The neighbours all both great and small,
They flocked unto her berrien,
And wept that a girl who cried out sprats,
Should be as dead as any herrien
The Corioner's inquest on her sat,
At the sign of the Jack in the wate.
To find what made life's sands run out
Of the purty little ratcatcher's daughter. Doodle dee, &c.

The werdict was that too much wet,
This poor young woman died on,
For she made an ole in the River Thames,
Vot the Penny Steamers ride on.
'Twas a haccident they all agreed,
And nuffink like self-slaughter,
So not guiltee, o' fell-in-the-sea,
They brought in the ratcatcher's daughter. Doodle dee, &c.

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolare the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath:
March on, march on, all hearts resolved,
On victory or death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confed'rate raise,
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crime and blood his hands imbueing?
To arms, to arms, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air;
Like beasts of burden they would load us;
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, to arms, &c.

Oh, Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons' bars and bolts confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, to arms, &c.

LILLY DALE.

'Twas a calm still night, and the moon's pale light,
Shone soft o'er hill and vale,
When friends mute with grief, stood around the death bed
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.
Oh, Lilly! sweet Lilly! dear Lilly Dale,
Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave,
'Neath the trees in the flowery vale.

Her cheeks that once glow'd with the rose tint of health,
By the hand of disease had turned pale,
And the death-damp was on the pure white brow,
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.
Oh, Lilly, &c.

I go, she said, to the land of rest,
And ere my strength should fail,
I must tell you where, near my own loved home,
You must lay poor Lilly Dale.
Oh, Lilly, &c.

'Neath the chestnut tree, where the wild flowers grow,
And the stream ripples forth thro' the vale,
Where the birds shall warble their songs in spring,
There lay poor Lilly Dale.
Oh, Lilly, &c.

SMILES AND TEARS.

When all within is calm and bright,
And all around look gay,
And every hour is pouring forth,
New blessing on our way.
How lightsome are our spirits then,
In what a tone we sing;
We find a smile for every one,
A charm in everything.

Oh! sad it is, whene'er the heart
Is doomed a change to know;
When, in the stead of happy smiles,
The bitter tears do flow.
But, even then we are not left,
In grief's dark vale to grope,
See, from above a light appears,
It is the star of hope.

ANSWER TO

MOTHER, IS THE BATTLE OVER?

O mother dear, now leave off crying
Your only child is by your side;
On you are all my hopes relying,
Ever since my father died.
"My child, my thoughts are ever on you,
My nightly prayer for you is given;
My health, my dear is fast decaying,
My soul must take its flight to heaven.

Come, my child, come nearer to me
Do not fret, do not despair,
A parting kiss before I leave you—
I'm going to meet your father there.
It is our lot, we must not murmur,
It is our great Creator's will;
When I depart this world of sorrow,
He'll be a father to you still.

She clasped her child close to her bosom,
While her eyes were closed in death
God bless my child, she faintly murmured,
It was her last expiring breath.
Alone and helpless stood the orphan,
With tearful eye and aspect wild:
O God, look down in all thy mercies,
And be a father to this child.

The funeral cortege onward rolling,
There stood one—a soldier brave;
Reported dead, but only missing,
He stood beside the new made grave.
Tears rolled down his manly cheeks
With weary looks and features mild
"Weep not, my boy, I'm safe returned,
To be a father to my child."

FOR THEE I LEFT THE TENTED PLAIN.

For thee I left the tented plain,
The pennon, steed and lance,
And fluttered mid the courtly train,
And mingled with the dance.
The vest of mail and helm I steered,
I changed for silken suit
And the war-cry for melody
Of thy sweet voice and lute.

KITTY TYRRELL.

You're looking as fresh as the morn, love,
You're looking as bright as the day,
But while on your charms I'm dilating,
You're stealing my poor heart away.
But keep it and welcome, mavourneen,
It's loss I'm not going to mourn;
Yet one heart's enough for a body,
So pray give me yours in return.
Mavourneen, Mavourneen!

I've built me a neat little cot, love,
I've built me a neat little store,
I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,
And may-be a pound or two more;
It's all very well to have riches.
But I'm not a covetuous elf,
I can't help still sighing for something,
And darling that something's yourself.
Mavourneen, &c.

You're smiling and that's a good sign, love;
Say "yes," and you'll never repent,
Or if you would rather be silent,
Your silence I'll take for consent;
That good-natured dimple's a tell tale,
Now all that I have is your own,
This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell,
Next week you'll be Mistress Malone.
Mavourneen, &c.

SENTIMENTS

May we never by overleaping the bounds of prudence, trespass upon the bosom of friendship.

May old friends never be forgotten for new ones.

May friendship be enlivened by good humour, but never wounded by wit.